

Memories of Pioneer Days

OREGON AND WASHINGTON
TERRITORY

Caroline Gale
Budlong

FRED LOCKLEY
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Fred Lockley











CAROLINE GALE BUDLONG



MEMORIES

PIONEER DAYS
in
OREGON and WASHINGTON
TERRITORY

by
CAROLINE GALE BUDLONG



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D e d i c a t e d

To the memory of my father, James Newton Gale, a pioneer printer and publisher, who crossed the plains in 1853; and

To the memory of all those other pioneer members of the Fourth Estate who labored for the upbuilding of Oregon and Washington Territory, and many of whom are now forgotten.

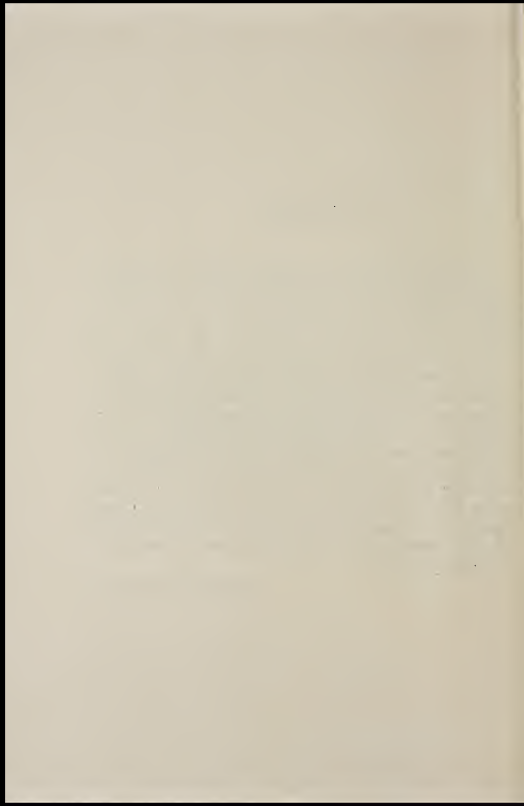
"Life's river is swirling fast,
But the rose has tinted the dewy Past,
And up from its crimson mists at times
The winding and wayward pathway climbs
In the old, wild way, with a careless art,
To loiter and curve in a fading heart."

—Samuel L. Simpson

FOREWORD

The life of Caroline Gale Budlong spanned an eventful and historic period. From 1856 to 1939 - eighty-three years, Indian wars were fought, the Civil War, the Spanish American War and World War I. She lived through years of pioneering when life was rugged, but when history was being made. There were times of prosperity, happiness and joy. Other periods held toil, sadness, and heartbreak. During the last ten years of her life the writer was crippled with arthritis, could walk very little, and held a pen or pencil with great difficulty in her stiff and twisted fingers. To ease her grief and loneliness and take her mind from the sudden death of her only son, she began to set down some of her memories. She worked many hours with her lame hands to write these sketches. She loved the Northwest deeply and sincerely and every bit of its history, every story of its settlement and growth was precious to her.

— Leonore Gale Barette



MEMORIES

"For the trail and the foot-log have vanished,
The canoe is a song and a tale . . .
The cayuse is no longer in fashion,
He is gone - with a flutter of heels,
And the old wars are dead, and their passion
In the crystal of culture congeals;
And the wavering flare of the pitchlight,
That illumines your banquets no more,
Will return, like a wandering witchlight,
And encrimson the fancies of yore . . .
But you builded a state in whose arches
Shall be carven the deed and the name,
And posterity lengthen its marches
In the glow of your honor and fame!"

Samuel L. Simpson

ALMOST two centuries have passed since John and James Gale, young brothers from Belfast, Ireland, cut all ties with their home and country and sailed west to begin life in a new, strange and wild land. They came on "The Ark" and "The Dove", when the brother of Lord Baltimore brought settlers to the colony of Maryland. The place where they settled was later called Rock Hall. For many years all the Gales in the Colonies were descendants of John and James.

It is a far cry from the eastern shore of the Pacific to the western shore of the Atlantic, but I like to think the two young men who crossed the ocean from east to west followed a light that has beckoned through all the years that have dawned and waned since John and James founded the family to which I belong.

As time passed, the restlessness which has always distinguished this family carried them to other states. Love of adventure, love of country, and love of family were characteristics running through many generations of our family. Ancestors fought in every war of our country, from the early French and Indian wars before the Revolution, to the American Revolution, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, down to the Spanish American War and World War I, in both of which last two wars my son served. He now lies asleep in the Presidio, here in San Francisco. My great grandfather, John Gale, was a colonel in the War of 1812; and my grandfather, William Gale and his brother Joseph, served in the Blackhawk War. My father and his brother Joseph were both in the Rogue River Indian wars in Oregon in 1856, and my Uncle Joseph served in the Civil War.

My grandfather, William Gale, was born in Harrison County, Kentucky, in 1803, on his father's plantation, where there were slaves. That love of freedom, which has always characterized the Gale family, must have led John Gale to free the black men and women he held in bondage. After that, he was no longer welcome in a slave state, so the family decided to find a home where there would be peace. My great grandfather, with his sons Joseph and William, crossed the Ohio River and settled in Posey County, Indiana, free from persecution. The South did not want the ranks broken. There was a growing disposition to frown upon slavery; the sentiment was getting stronger in the north.

William, my grandfather, had married Rebecca Elizabeth Jones, born in South Carolina of Welsh parentage. They remained in Posey County for some time, where my father James Newton Gale was born January 3, 1831, the second child in a family of nine. Later the family moved

to Pike County, Illinois, where my father grew to young manhood.

My mother's family, the Coonrods, were from Virginia. My grandmother Coonrod had married and gone to Kentucky. She and her husband died within a week of each other, leaving three children who were sent to Illinois to an aunt. There my parents, James Newton Gale and Nancy Ann Coonrod, met before they were scarcely grown up.

The restlessness that ever worked in the minds of the Gales made six hundred and fifty acres of virgin soil look like the land of Heart's Desire, so they began to prepare for the long trek across the plains. In those days the women took their children by the hand or in their arms and followed their men wherever they led. James and Nancy were thought to be too young to marry, but they were determined, and just before the family was ready to cross the plains they were married. A long wedding trip of two thousand miles followed as they set their feet on the path of gold laid down by the westering sun, mayhap breaking a trail where none led, being six weary months on the road. The inheritance left the three orphans was divided and my mother given her share.

So in the early spring of 1853, the wagon train started west. There were eight families with twelve wagons and two men to each wagon. The party was made up of the following persons: William Gale and his wife, Rebecca Elizabeth, and family; William Gale's brother, Joseph Gale and his wife and family; James Newton Gale and Nancy, his wife, my father and mother; Jackson Hockersmith and his wife, Martha, my aunt, and the oldest child of my grandparents, and their family; Joseph M. Jones and his family. Joseph was the brother of my grandmoth-

er Gale. And P. Kennedy and his wife, Melissa (Gale), the latter being the daughter of William and Elizabeth. She died on the way.

The trip was difficult and wearisome. There was one little cloud of war on the journey. At Soda Springs a man named Babb, who was going east alone on horseback, was attacked by Indians, one of whom he shot. He came to the Gale train surrounded by savages who were eager for his blood, and the train, joined by other immigrants, formed for battle in his defense. On the side of the pioneers there were forty-four good rifles. The Indians were several hundred strong and armed principally with bows and arrows. After much talk and gesticulations they gave it up, and Mr. Babb returned with our train to Oregon.

A chief of the Sioux, who from the name he gave, Sam Arc, must have been one of the slayers of Custer's command, took dinner with the train one day. Upon receiving some trifling present he said the train should not be molested by the Indians in his territory. The following night, the stock of the Gale train was stampeded by a herd of buffalo. With much difficulty all of the animals were recovered except four valuable horses worth at least a thousand dollars. My grandfather offered the Indians ten dollars a head if they would recover and deliver the animals. Meantime, the train moved on, and after several days' travel, the people in the train were agreeably surprised to see an Indian riding into camp with the four lost horses. He received the forty dollars and the thanks of the officers of the train. The dinner episode doubtless worked this seeming miracle.

My brave little grandmother, Rebecca Elizabeth Gale, had a baby in her arms, two before the journey ended, as her second daughter, my Aunt Melissa Kennedy, died in

childbirth on the plains, leaving a tiny son. Pioneering is hard on men, but much harder on women with their frailer bodies and the burden of childbearing. The hardships they bore at such times, as came to many are almost unbelievable in this day of great maternity hospitals with every comfort and scientific aid. Patience, perseverance and self-denial were the watchwords then. My grief-stricken grandmother saw the torn body of her beloved daughter laid in a lonely grave on the Green River, and wove another dark thread in the web of her loom. No monument or tombstone, but a heap of stones and a bit of wood grown there told the story, a life for a life. They made a coffin from a wagon box and left Melissa's body beneath a little rock mound, with nothing to mark her resting place except a board on which were cut a few verses of Christian consolation. The yokes were placed on the oxen and the wagons moved slowly onward, the good little grandmother with the added care of the newborn babe. The little chair with the woven rawhide seat in which she sat to care for the babies is still cherished by one of the family, a granddaughter; the old Delft jug in which she set her bread fell to me. As they had brought cows, she had milk for the little children, the rest was put in a churn and the jogging all day turned it to butter.

After many weary months on the plains, at the Malheur River just after crossing the Snake River, the wagon train was met by a man named Elliott. He told the immigrants that the settlers of the Willamette Valley had made a road through the Cascade Mountains, near Diamond Peak, to descend the Willamette from its source, and so bring the wagons by a much shorter route to the broad prairie lands of the valley. He told he had been sent to guide the wagon train to the place of crossing the

mountains but had lost his guide notes; still he was confident he could not miss the route for the snow-capped mountains and the Three Sisters would act as guides. However he lost the way, going too far south and passing the lakes on the south side, whereas he should have kept the wagon train on the north. The food and provisions of the train became practically exhausted, and before reaching the Deschutes River the immigrants and stock and oxen were for seventy-five miles without water. The hardships and terror of this trip are beyond my power to describe, but many times I have heard my father tell of the desperation and sufferings of man and beast during that tragic trip. This train has come down in history as "the lost wagon train of 1853." The half-starved careworn immigrants with their pitiful and footsore animals came to the headwaters of the Willamette River late in October of 1853, having sent scouts ahead on horseback for help. The story of these one hundred and fifty wagons with their famished oxen teams, and their starving immigrants is one of the most heart-rending episodes that occurred in the years the covered wagons crossed the plains.

After long weary months, they reached the Willamette Valley. It was beautiful; smooth surface running to the rolling hills and great oaks there were to give fuel and shelter. The yokes were taken from the patient oxen, the turning wheels were still. They were West, not west of anywhere, but WEST. The star of empire had reached the limit of its orbit, it hung in the sky a beacon for the coming pioneers. Fires never to turn to dead ashes were lighted eighty-five years ago. They were home in 1853. From Belfast, Ireland, to Eugene, Oregon, was a long, long trail.

My grandparents took up a donation land claim north

of the little town of Eugene with its few scattered houses, and established a home where the clan could gather, where the hearth was warm for the stranger and a hospitable table where all were welcome. My father and mother entered their land claim near a little settlement called Lancaster, in Lane County, Oregon, and close to the grandparents.

My grandfather, William Gale, was a minister of the Christian Church, at that time called the Campbellites, and also was a homeopathic doctor. This knowledge of medicine proved of value in the new community. Dr. Gale was a man of good physique, impressive in his black coat. When my father put on his long broadcloth coat as deacon for his father's services on Sunday he seemed to me to have a glow about him, with his red gold hair and his larkspur blue eyes.

Life was stripped to the essentials as they prepared for the first winter. Nature was kind; there was good oak wood for the cutting; fat grouse drummed in the thickets and shy brown pheasants scurried, hiding in the russet and crimson leaves; the deer were many. A haunch of venison as the Indians "jerked" it was most welcome, delicious broiled over the glowing coals of the wide hearth. Strips of meat dried and shaved to thin slices were palatable and nourishing. Sheep sorrel growing 'round about was not bad. My grandmother used it for pies. The generous pioneers of an earlier arrival divided surplus stores, so no one went hungry. The winters with the bitter cold were left behind. There were hazel nuts for the long evenings before the open fire and Oregon grapes to give needed vitamins and acid. Lamb's quarter and wild lettuce were native herbs used on the table frequently. A kind land. There were meadow larks in all the open spaces, wild geese honked, flying in wedge-

shaped formation. Frogs added their basso to the chorus.

Then came spring and all nature called, "Time to come forth." The oxen were brought up and the yokes again placed on them. They had gathered strength from the abundant grass growing in the warm rains. Soon the earth was turning, the seed dropping in the good black soil. Life was renewing. Trees were felled, rails for fences split. The spindles that shot through the looms were of hopes and dreams. If a thread broke it was carefully knotted so the wool would be smooth and the pattern clear. The work was strong and the finished web was long wearing.

ROGUE RIVER INDIAN WAR

FROM the time of the Whitman massacre, and indeed long before that, there had been trouble in the Northwest with the Indians. The murder of white settlers was constantly on the increase; ranchers, miners, freight drivers, prospectors, the families of immigrants, all were falling victims to the cruelty and savagery of the natives. Women and children suffered unspeakable outrages, and in the 1850's the war spirit became very strong among the Rogue River Indians in southern Oregon. The Government, for a great many years, had posts and soldiers in this territory, and the immigrants constantly helped them.

In March, 1856, my father and his brother, Joseph

Marion Gale, at Eugene, Oregon, joined, as volunteers, Captain D.W. Keith's Company "C" of recruiting battalion to the Second Regiment of Oregon Mounted Volunteers, commanded by Colonel John Kelsey, called into service of the Territory of Oregon by proclamation of the governor, dated the 11th day of March, 1856. My father and his brother furnished their own horses and rode out to southern Oregon to fight.

When my father joined this company in 1856 he was a strong and healthy young man, twenty-five years of age. While in the company he came into camp one day from a scouting trip and was requested by his officer to deliver a message. To do this, he had to swim a river. He was hot and lathered with sweat from his ride, but plunged into the cold water and did his chore. When he came back to camp he had a severe chill. From that day on, all through his life, he was troubled with what was then called "inflammatory rheumatism." Many spells of illness I remember when he was bed-ridden for weeks at a time. However he kept going and though he was never as strong and rugged as in his youth, he did a great deal of hard work through his life and stood long hours at his case, setting and distributing type.

My father and mother moved into a little house in Eugene, which had been built by Hiner Miller, afterwards known as Joaquin Miller, the poet. There I was born December 31, 1856. When I went back many years later (in 1884) to see the little house and yard everything had such a swept look, the ground of a baked looking clay seemed as smooth as cement. There was an absence of life. The little old lady who had been with my mother when I was born looked at me and said, "I never thought such a little baby would make such a big woman." We wore more yardage in those days, and a large hat with

several plumes must have looked huge in that tiny room. Anyway, I felt too large, as if I had stepped into a playhouse.

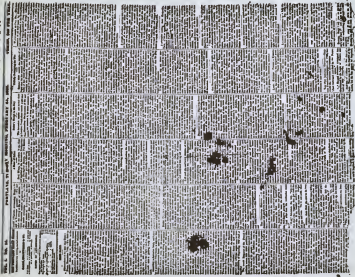
The hardships and dampness had taken toll of my frail young mother and a cold neglected turned to "quick consumption", as then known, and she was laid in the growing little city of the dead. I was a delicate baby and they did not think I would survive, but my good grandmother and my father's sisters took me and brought me up to quite a sturdy childhood.

Three years later, my father met a girl who had crossed the plains the same year he had, 1853. They fell in love, and she was willing to take on the duties of a pioneer wife and the care of a not particularly attractive stepchild. A stepmother has a hard problem at any time, but I was not too difficult, I hope. She told me years later that I was always understanding and good to her, so perhaps I paid, in a way, for the trouble I had caused her. The real me was hard to get out of myself and develop.

PIONEER NEWSPAPERS

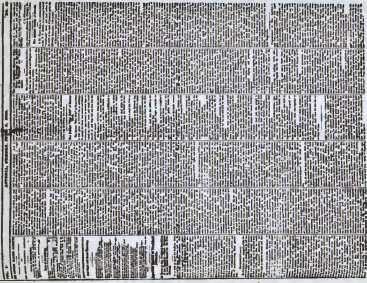
HILYARD Shaw, a pioneer on whose donation land claim a great deal of the town of Eugene City was laid out, owned a little newspaper plant, where his paper, called the Oregon State Republican, was published. He was growing old and wanted to give up the work. He had taken a great fancy to my father who was working for him as printer, manager and editor of his

PORTLAND DAILY UNION.



PORTLAND DAILY UNION

ASTORIA MARINE GAZETTE.



ASTORIA MARINE GAZETTE

THE STATE REPUBLICAN.

[illegible]

The image is a high-contrast, black-and-white photograph of a textured surface, likely a book cover or a wall. It features a dense, grid-like pattern of vertical and horizontal lines, creating a complex, woven appearance. The lighting is harsh, resulting in deep blacks and bright whites, which emphasizes the texture and the geometric forms. The overall effect is abstract and visually busy.

OREGON STATE REPUBLICAN

The Oregon Argus.

Figure 6.

A black and white photograph of a textured surface, possibly a book cover or endpaper. The texture is a dense, grid-like pattern of vertical and horizontal lines, creating a woven appearance. A dark, irregular vertical stain or tear runs down the center of the image. A horizontal crease or fold is visible across the middle, intersecting the vertical stain. The overall tone is dark and grainy.

THE ARGUS-REPUBLICAN

little paper. His liking was so strong that he offered to sell my father the paper on very reasonable terms, if he would carry on. It was a dream come true. The future looked bright, so my father and Elizabeth Maria Kincaid were married in September, 1859, just six years after he came to the Oregon country to find his fortune.

My first recollection of my father is of seeing him standing at his case "sticking type".

Soon the question of slavery was a national issue. My father was an abolitionist, his paper was strongly partisan, and feeling ran so high that he was on the way for trouble. Nothing would turn him from the course he had mapped; he would lend all his aid in the cause that was stirring the north. The war clouds were massing and though he was a man of peace, he felt the question must be settled in the only way that seemed possible. Those were troubled days. Families were divided. Brothers were of different minds, one for the south and another for the north. Husbands and wives disagreed, the war was being bitterly fought. They thought it would soon be ended; they could not realize how the country would bleed before the last victorious battle. My father had the courage of his convictions, and did his fighting on the floor of his dim little office with its one case of type and little hand press.

A number of southerners, strong, bitter secessionists, lived out on the Long Tom River near Eugene, and they had threatened to hang my father and throw his press in the Willamette River. He went on calmly, printing such news as came through from the battlefields and commenting as the reports moved him. One night the crowd that had collected to wipe out the "nigger paper" came into the little town of Eugene City. My father had been warned early in the afternoon that the secessionists were on the

way from the Long Tom, and he had tried to get my mother to take the children and go to her mother's home, about a half mile away, for the evening. We lived then in a few rooms back of the printing office. My stepmother surmised there was trouble on foot and refused to leave and they decided to cope with whatever happened. My father refused to deal with the ruffians and as they became too threatening, friends gathered around the office, led by Tony (Anthony) Noltner, a pioneer resident, who succeeded in getting the whole crowd drunk. Then they were piled into a wagon, taken out of town and the paper saved.

My father, after publishing the Oregon State Republican for about two or two and a half years, moved his paper from Eugene City to Salem, and consolidated it with the Oregon City Argus which was moved there from Oregon City. The new paper was called the Argus-Republican and later just the Argus. The old hand press on which the Oregon State Republican was printed was not moved to Salem, but was sold to Harrison R. Kincaid and Joel Ware, and it was used by Mr. Kincaid for a long time in Eugene City. It was given by Mr. Kincaid to the University of Oregon and is still in use there in the Department of Journalism, and after nearly a century is in working order.

My father sold his interest in the Argus Republican to his partner, D.W. Craig, and moved to Portland where he founded and published the Portland Daily Union. The war dispatches were very expensive, my father's means were slender, and finally he came to the end of his resources and could no longer print the paper. His work was attracting attention now and he was offered a contract to go to Astoria and publish a paper. This was the Astoria Marine Gazette. The contract was for eighteen months.

So we were going away from the beautiful valley where so many changes had taken place since the Gale family had joined the pioneer community in 1853. There had been marrying and grandchildren coming to the old homestead. Such a treat to go to grandfather's house. Neighbors had come nearer, friendly gestures were offered and returned. No farm house was passed without a pause to call a greeting. There would be an invitation to stop and rest, food for the hungry, fresh water and oats for the horses, hospitality which brought out the best for friend or stranger. The Circuit Rider did not need pemmican in his saddle bags. Many of the yellow-legged chickens were "run down" and killed for him. My grandmother did not stand in awe of the preachers, and if there was a hungry child waiting to see how much the man of the cloth left, he did not get the yellow legs of that particular bird. She was married to a minister and knew their limitations.

Such delightful things grandmother could think of to please a child. She always called me to watch her wind the big clock. She would take the key and the pendulum would begin to rise. It was always new and exciting to me. And I must watch her fix the wick in the candle molds and see the melted tallow poured in. The drip from the hopper, where the oak ashes were placed and covered with water, made the resulting lye. It was boiled up with all the savings of grease, and kegs of good soft soap were ready to use. Nothing ever was wasted. Fruit juice and peelings were saved for vinegar. I would lie in the light from the fireplace and watch her at the little spinning wheel. She would put on, in magic fashion, a tuft of wool from her own sheep and the result was a thread of yarn which later her flashing needles knit into socks and mittens for her growing family. We were leaving all this

certainty and plenty for another world. No more hen's nests to find in the haymow, no more the cheesemaking when I was given pieces to toast over the coals. It was about the consistency of rubber, being new, but I loved it. I have been thankful many times that I am a pioneer's child. The fundamental in my education has kept me on a solid base when the world rocked. If ever I lost an opportunity, I remembered my grandmother and looked for another. I remembered my father's trying and trying again.

On a child's mind are printed extremes, either imaginary or concrete. On mine that last day in the valley was a photograph of the table of good food. My young Uncle Tommy and I were sent out to pick wild strawberries in a meadow. I can yet see that cupful of shining red. We picked a milkpan full and went back where the aunts, Elizabeth and Phebe, hulled them, and grandmother brought in a large white bowl with clusters of blue lines around it. It was half full of yellow cream. The berries were dipped in and came shining to the top. Never since have berries ever been so good! Even the brown chickens and equally brown biscuits were hurriedly disposed of to get to the dessert. There was a large cake with white "frosting".

ASTORIA & MEMORIES of CIVIL WAR DAYS

REMEMBER nothing more until my father led me on board the boat that took us down the great Columbia, still the most glamorous river in all the world to me. The last time I saw it, I felt again the thrill it always evokes, remembering my first glimpse of this beautiful and historic river in that first look at

tide water, trying to measure the oceans of it that had been carried down. Water has always been so exciting to me, either in a little stream or in the ever restless sea.

Astoria was friendly and busy. The war was still dragging on, the Sanitary Society welcomed the addition of workers. My father, with his pen, gave them every aid he could think of; and my stepmother was busy sewing and cooking. Articles were made as now to give comfort to soldiers in the ranks. Suppers were given to get the funds to buy materials. Astoria was an intensely loyal little town, all worked for the common cause. On a ham which my stepmother cooked for the Sanitary meeting, she made a flag, after removing the rind, on the white surface placing the stripes and stars, not so many then. The design was made with cloves and red pepper and was much admired and praised. I thought it very beautiful. These Sanitary meetings were all the social happenings that were held; no one thought of merriment. Everything must show results for the Cause.

My stepmother had a case of type at home and set type and wrote little pieces for the paper in addition to all her other duties. My father had taught her typesetting in Eugene City when they were first married. She was one of the first woman compositors in the state. In the little office of the Marine Gazette there were several cases of type and a hand press.

There in Astoria the possibilities of life began to dawn for me. It was such a different world from the one we knew in the quiet valley with the inland river. Here the water came up nearly to the house we lived in. Then it went away again and the beach was bare. A great tree from far up had drifted down and stranded near us. The roots were upturned and washed and polished by time to a dull silver. It made a most fascinating playhouse. I

found bright pebbles and shells and put them in the crevices. Great ships lay at anchor in the harbor. Many of the officers and men from these boats were friends of my father and the newspaper office was the clubroom for all the sailor folk. Father welcomed them and told them of all that had gone on while they were away from the world of land. And they told us of their own world on the sea, of storms, of calms. Many of them preferred the storms, as then, at least, they could move somewhere. They brought to the office the most wonderful formations of coral and seashells, and all so new to us. I would hear of the sirens that sang below the surface and the mermaids that rode on dolphins and combed their hair. A new, fairy-like world opened to me. Then I would swing on the roots of my tree horse and dream of being an ocean girl. I thought by some magic the figureheads on the ships were fashioned of ocean girls. I saw them only when standing erect with their hair blowing (girls wore their hair then), and their skirts (we wore them, too) blowing back as they stood with eyes fixed on the horizon. I would be an ocean girl and go to Honolulu! It had a musical sound. Geography was unknown to me, but the tales that were told and the songs I heard in the seashells carried me to hitherto unknown lands; the cocoanuts told of the monkeys climbing trees; the very first of the alphabet of education.

Those were anxious days. My father had to wait for the steamer from Portland to get the news of the war's progress. He had heart-breaking days when the Union was in danger. The women of the little town worked day and night at the Sanitary Commission headquarters. The Sanitary Society was an organization comparable to the Red Cross. Branches were in towns all over the country. Money was raised, comforts for the soldiers made, medicines purchased, lint "picked". In Oregon City a little

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The following is an extract from the *Journal of the Royal Society of Medicine*, 1911, 4, 1, 1.

[illegible]

At the same time, the second half century has been one of the slowest or even the earliest in the history of the world. The first half of the century was a time of rapid change, of the kind that has not been repeated since. The second half of the century was a time of slow change, of the kind that has not been repeated since.

[illegible]

Their purchasing power, the result of the general rise in the U.S. Price Index, in the first of March, 1962, on the basis of extrapolation, is billions, that is seven to the fifth a positive figure of five thousand dollars more, the exact sum not only meaning 50 people thousand dollars more, but it means also, over the scale of the

As constant, and endeavoring to supply as promptly with articles as our orders, we will send the majority of the mill in good, heavy materials for shoes and drawers and stockings as per directions. Supplies can now be made for the materials at agents from the B-B-B-B, as running, by the B-B-B-B, B-B-B-B, B-B-B-B.

A friendly greeting
 comes to you, I am certain,
 May Heaven your righteous efforts bless,
 To aid the Sinner's Cause.

However, the most of our land-based society lives on water, so long as the sea shall last, a race somewhat differently organized, but certainly no less real. Of these the largest part are the fish, and even more, a slight above land-based are to supply honors by death and discharges from service, (symptoms of discharge) in the expenditure of my society (they have landed for discharges and money in action, but returned to collection assumed less, and they supply other forms of expenditure and expenditure).

Of course, there is not this perfect support from the town. Pan-Asianism should inspire missionaries to apply their own materials as well as their own work. There is no dispute that the work will be continued and that you have been doing it. The work is not expected to be perfectly proved, but the demand is greater than the supply. Let the banner of the last generation be the preparation of materials to be published by the Christian Press. They may have some and continuous work. If they continue to work, they will be able to do it. If they do not, they will be able to do it. The work is not expected to be perfectly proved, but the demand is greater than the supply. Let the banner of the last generation be the preparation of materials to be published by the Christian Press. They may have some and continuous work. If they continue to work, they will be able to do it. If they do not, they will be able to do it.

[illegible][illegible]

respected. These persons, he claims, are small parts of our national self. They often are geographically far from each other, but they are geographically close to each other in the flesh, and the 50-state-sufficiency of these 50, like *marathon*, are contributing to the integrity, but not delivery of the goods and services we actually desire to be producing the failure of transportation and the loss of a foreign-born population. The 50-state-sufficiency of these 50, like *marathon*, are contributing to the integrity, but not delivery of the goods and services we actually desire to be producing the failure of transportation and the loss of a foreign-born population. The 50-state-sufficiency of these 50, like *marathon*, are contributing to the integrity, but not delivery of the goods and services we actually desire to be producing the failure of transportation and the loss of a foreign-born population.

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paper called The Sanitarian was started. Every precious moment that could be spared from home work or office was spent working for the society. Astoria was given credit for the greatest amount of money raised, in proportion to the population, of any other county in the United States.

One day early in April, 1865, the boat coming down was sighted rounding Tongue Point, flag at half mast. Hearts stood still. What had happened! As soon as in hailing distance, the answer: Lincoln is assassinated. The wave of horror and sorrow and indignation rose higher and higher. Even as a child I felt it. I could see my father and stepmother. They were talking and I felt something dreadful had happened. She was tearful and he looked very sad and white.

The people must show their sorrow. The stores were called upon to get every yard of black cloth in stock. Soon black was floating in the wind until there was not a yard of black cloth in stock. Eevery house had some, if only a small streamer. All but one; the woman there must have felt very bitter. She hung an old dishcloth on her knob, and the indignant people gathered and demanded she remove it or they would. She did take it down, and barred her windows, keeping out of sight. Even a woman would have been dealt with then, feeling ran so high.

The price for freedom had been very great. The War was over, the victory won at such great cost. But there was rejoicing. A long barge lying in the river was piled high with empty tar barrels and set burning. The reflections shone back from the water and the trees lining the banks stood out clear as in the daylight. The sparks went up and mingled with the stars. A wonderful sight. For a moment we forgot the blare of the cannon and the hissing lead. The next celebration was for the enfranchisement

of the negro, and a great mistake that has always seemed to me. The colored man was not helped, and so much bitterness kept alive that time alone can heal.

The articles written by W. H. Gray were later collected into book form and published as "A History of Oregon, 1792-1849. Drawn from personal observations and authentic information by W. H. Gray of Astoria." These were first published in the Astoria Marine Gazette as a series of historical narratives, but interest in them became so great that Mr. Gray collected the articles in book form and today they are one of our most valued sources of information on the history of the period covered.

My father's contract was nearing its close, and as the sharp cold winds at the mouth of the Columbia seemed to be too much for my stepmother, my father decided to make another move. We had made friends in Astoria and many persons tried to persuade my father to stay there permanently. He was offered the gift of lots, both for a home and an office, but he felt his family would be better off where the weather was milder. Glowing tales were told by returning friends of the delightful climate of Washington Territory and the possibilities appealed to my father. We would go back to the Willamette Valley, to the old home, for a farewell visit with the kinfolks.

As far as a child of that age could, I resented being taken from all the fascinating and thrilling adventures of a seaport town: all the ships with the lovely "ocean girls", the spreading white sails as they came in over the bar, even the one that was stranded there and the people brought in by the life boats. Some were laid on the planks of the wharf, but the mystery of death did not appal me. I thought they would wake up after a while. Mighty and glamorous river but with a treacherous mouth.

We went back to Eugene City and saw all the clan once more — Grandfather and Grandmother Gale, and all the aunts and uncles. There was a break in the circle; Newton, the eldest son, was leaving the state.

CANOE and STAGE COACH TO OLYMPIA

IT seemed a long way off, the two hundred and twenty-five miles to Olympia, Washington Territory, where my father had decided to make his permanent home, after going up and looking over the country around Olympia and Tumwater. It was a five days' journey by wagon, steamer, canoe and again a stage that was just a wagon.* No one then even dreamed of the time when the men with wings would take you in less than five hours.

It was not an easy journey; a drive to old Celilo, down and across the river to the Cowlitz River, where canoes were poled and paddled by Indians up stream to such stopping places as afforded accommodations. The last place was Pumphrey's. The only available food was half-cooked, thick slices of bacon and big flapjacks of the sour-dough variety, colored yellow with saleratus. I rebelled child fashion, but my kind father tried to excuse me and promised something when we would get to town. "Getting to town" meant bumping over curdoroy roads for many weary miles. I did not mind it, but it was hard on my step-mother who had black and blue bruises all over her body. My father never grumbled.

At last we passed Tumwater Falls, and then Olympia!

* This was a small stagecoach called a "mudwagon".

And here a home where the family was to remain fixed for a quarter of a century. My father bought the little house that had been built and lived in by the Rev. John F. De Vore, known to everyone in the two states as the pioneer minister and circuit rider. His whole life had been given to this work and the good he did lived after him.

My father had a task waiting for him. Our house was on a half block of land, fronting on three streets, Main, Washington and Tenth Streets. The lots were still covered with tall fir trees, only the two facing on Main Street being fairly well cleared. He set to work cutting, clearing and burning. The glorious bonfires we had! The neighboring children would gather and we would have delightful roasts and picnics outside, things we could not have been persuaded to eat inside the home. The sparks flew to the sky there the same as on the faraway river, and my fancies returned. My father was always broadminded, he loved freedom of thought too much to interfere with it at any time as long as it did not harm others. Such marvelous things I saw as I played under the trees and listened for the fairies. I had learned to read by this time and I believed so implicitly. Life is dull when illusions have faded.

The little house was enlarged, a long wide porch added, planted all about with fragrant honeysuckle. One board was cut short to accommodate the sweetbriar bush that was growing against the sitting room window. It grew to be almost a tree, always delightfully fragrant.

My father set out cherry trees, one the Black Republican. I did not care for it, the flesh was so firm. I loved the big juicy Maydukes, and the two large Governor Wood cherry trees that were old when we acquired the place. I have never known of but one other Mayduke cherry tree like ours; it was in Snohomish on the river of the same name.

Father grafted choice varieties on the old apple trees on the lots. He had the ground plowed and planted to a crop to plow under, put out berry vines and strawberry plants. We had fruit and a garden coming on. We had a cow, milk and cream enough to make butter. We were getting on. Father was a capable man in different lines, and his help was sought by others. He kept busy that first year.

There were no furniture stores in Olympia in 1865, and we could not bring very much with us in the canoes and tiny stage coach — just some bedding, a trunk with clothing and keepsakes, and a big satchel called a “valise”. My father had furniture made at Tumwater where Mr. Biles operated a little furniture factory. I remember chests of drawers, chairs, and rockers of maple with woven seats and backs of buckskin, and a pedestal table which tipped over easily. In a few years there were stores handling furniture brought in by boat from San Francisco, but in 1865 we had only what was made locally or something brought over from Victoria in an old paddle-wheeler.

SCHOOLS IN THE 1860's

AS soon as we were settled in our home, my father entered me in a school which was taught by Miss Eliza Giddings. The Giddings family lived about a block away and our families became fast friends. This was the only school in Olympia at that time. Later we had a larger school with Prof. L. P. Venen as the principal; and of the teachers I remember Miss Mercy Slocum, Miss Mary O'Neal, Mr. Champ B. Mann. Mrs. Case who later

married Capt. Hale, was connected with the Olympia schools many years. Other teachers remembered are Miss Nellie Huntington and Miss Robia Willard. A. W. Moore, one of the very first teachers in the pioneer schools of Olympia, was a friend of our family and a frequent visitor in our home. He passed away, as I remember, about 1875.

Our school was a frame building with an "upstairs", as we called it. After it ceased being a school house, about the time I was married in 1875, the building became the Thurston County Court House and was used as such for many years.

In our school rooms each pupil had his own slate and slate pencils, and "copybooks" in which we practiced penmanship, flowing Spencerian writing being the vogue in my childhood. Friday afternoons we had what we called "rhetoricals". A certain number of pupils taking part in each program until the whole school had appeared on the little platform. Poems were memorized and lines of classic prose were recited, some in a singsong manner and some with flourishes and gestures. At recess, at the noon hour, and after school there were games of Tag, Blind Man's Buff, London Bridge Is Falling Down, Hide-and-Go Seek, and Tom Ball. We had teeter boards and jumping ropes, and could some of the pupils jump!

The small pioneer schools with no conveniences, poor little buildings, some of them made of logs, have contributed self-reliant, resourceful men and women to our territory and state. The challenge of hardships and poverty, long distances to travel, stiff plank seats, limited amounts of books and paper, seem to have created a determination to conquer difficulties which was one of the best parts of the schooling, the building of character. The pupils, like their pioneer parents, learned to stand on their own feet.



They became self-supporting, industrious and valuable citizens. In those days to be "on the county" was shameful.

THE UNION GUARD and THE OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT

MY father established The Union Guard, a tri-weekly newspaper, in 1866. It was a small paper and worked enthusiastically for the side of the Union during the reconstruction period. A few copies of this little paper are in the library at the University of Washington at Seattle. The paper was sold and discontinued by the purchaser.

The atmosphere of a printing office was what my father loved, so he began to think of a newspaper again. He was a staunch Republican and felt there was need for a paper of that party in Thurston County. There was a Democratic paper in Olympia and so much difference in opinions that another paper might be a factor in the adjustment of ideas. The war was over and the victors must show they were fit to rule.

Finally father found a man who seemed to be the one he needed. He was a printer, a capable workman and an industrious and honorable man, Elisha T. Gunn. So the Olympia Transcript was founded by Elisha T. Gunn and J. N. Gale November 30, 1867. The paper was popular, with a paying subscription list. It was Republican, but not too partisan. Mr. Gunn was a skillful man and the type-

setting mechanics were smoothly running. He was good on "locals", my father writing the editorials. Everything was going well with them.

About this time there was a strong sentiment growing for a change in the liquor question. Whether the disturbing elements which seem to follow every war had anything to do with this trend, it is not for me to say. Drinking and the consequences were a problem, and getting to be a public one. Strong temperance organizations were forming. Lecturers were going about, rousing the people to think. My father was in the vanguard of this reform and lent all his strength to the cause. This did not meet with Mr. Gunn's ideas. He felt the paper would suffer financially. That would not deter my father, so they agreed to dissolve the partnership, Mr. Gunn buying out my father's half, January 22, 1870. There was no ill feeling on either side, just a difference in the way two men see things. They remained close friends all their lives.

My father began work in another field. A temperance organization had a printing plant and was trying to publish a paper devoted to its cause. He was the man to take it over, so he became the editor of the Echo and gave his best efforts to a movement he could endorse with wholehearted enthusiasm.

OLD OLYMPIA DAYS

LIFE in early Olympia was sweet and pleasant for a child. There are memories of many things, boats, picnics, clambakes, lawn socials in the summer, Indian friends. The old block house on Main Street was a landmark for many years. Sally, the klooch-



A part of
Main Street, Olympia,
Washington Territory, 1870
From a photograph by
C. J. Huntington



Caroline Gale and
George E. Budlong,
married in Olympia, W. T.,
December 31, 1875.



man who used to do washing for us in an early day, was put in there once because she was thought to be in league with her son, Chief Spot, in a difficulty they had with other Indians. They had put poison in flour and assisted some of the braves to an early visit to the happy hunting grounds. Of course, it was an Indian affair, but they were not permitted to kill without the whites taking some notice. I remember the white women taking cups of "copsy" to her and slices of sapalel (bread). She had been a good old squaw and we all liked her.

In the wintertime most of our activities were in the home or the church. Days were short, but evenings were long. My parents were book-lovers, and many evenings were spent before the crackling fireplace reading aloud. Poems and bits of the classics which were memorized in those days come into my mind many times during the long nights now when I lie awake, and the beauty and music of the lines help me to forget the pain in my crippled hands and limbs.

In the old "sitting room" was a central hanging lamp and two shaded lamps on tables, all fed with coal oil, which cast a soft glow over the room and furnished a clear light for reading. Every morning they were filled with "coal oil", as it was then called, the wicks were cut and the lamp chimneys polished. Apples were often toasting on the hearth in the evening, and a big bowl of red-skinned Baldwins or speckled Rambos was standing on the table with its glowing crimson cover. The whole house was permeated with the delicious apple fragrance which, after almost seventy-five years, seems as clove-like and pungent as it was in those long-ago days of childhood.

We had cats and dogs who were cherished friends. The chickens were great pets, and in our old barn lived the horse and the cow, both part of the family. The cow

we turned out on the street in the morning, as did all of the other owners of cows, and they roamed around the streets and alleys and in the nearby woods. One cow belonging to a neighbor was so smart she came to the gate, raised it up on her horns and walked in to eat the grass growing inside. In the evening, just before milking time, all the cows strolled through the lanes and alleys, home to their own gates and stood bawling until they were let in. Our horse was put in a pasture lot nearby and not allowed to roam. In the year 1869, the Town Council of Olympia decided that cattle could no longer run at large, and they even put a tax on dogs! The little lanes and cow trails used so many years by cattle and travellers were now to be laid out in regular and straight streets and the old cows had to be left in the barns and fenced lots.

During the years there were two little brothers and a small sister. All of them died of that dreaded disease, diphtheria. Two of them within a few days of each other. No one who has not lived in those tragic days can realize, hardly, what diphtheria meant then. It was so often a quick killer. The magic of modern medicine "shots" was as yet undiscovered and panic filled the heart when anyone was stricken with the malady. My father and stepmother lost four children to that awful scourge during their marriage. Leafing through an old scrapbook which my stepmother kept in those days are many prescriptions supposed to stay or cure the disease. Some of these would be amusing if they were not so heartbreaking, evidence of the frantic search for something to stop the dread and fast killer. One of them, copied in my stepmother's handwriting, reads:

"Diphtheria. Sulphuric acid, four drops of which are diluted in three-fourths of a tumbler of water. The result of this remedy is said to be a coagula-

tion of the diphtheretic membrane and its removal by coughing."

Another one pasted in gives this:

"An Eastern physician says that of 1,000 cases in which it has been used, not a single patient has been lost. The treatment consists in thoroughly swabbing the back of the mouth and throat with a wash made thus: Table salt, two drachms; black pepper, golden seal, nitrate of potash, alum, one drachm each. Mix and pulverize, put into a teacup, which is half full of boiling water, stir well and then fill up with good vinegar. Use every half hour, one, two and four hours as recovery progresses. The patient may swallow a little each time. Apply an ounce each of spirits turpentine, sweet oil, and acqua ammonia mixed, to the whole of the throat, and to the breast bone, every four hours, keeping flannel to the part."

In the early evening I "did my lessons" under the big lamp, and when they were finished, we read, played "Authors", or sang. My stepmother played by ear and knew all the songs of the day, the Civil War songs which were sung everywhere then, and the old hymns. After so long I can still hear my stepmother's clear soprano singing "Lily Dale" and "Annie Lisle" and "Wave Willows, Murmur Waters". When she was not playing, she was always busy with knitting or mending or reading by one of the lamps. Just before bedtime my father read a chapter from the big old Bible and afterward we talked over the texts.

Occasionally a road show came to town and these were looked forward to eagerly for many weeks. After they were gone, we talked them over for days. At first the

shows and entertainments were held in the old Good Templars Hall, but about 1868 or '69 a new Town Hall was built on Fourth Street near Washington, and after that the shows, balls and entertainments were held there.

My father and mother were both earnest workers in the Good Templars' Lodge, and we attended all lodge meetings and entertainments of that order. It seemed I was always studying verses to recite at a meeting, or we were working on a costume or a play or something else for the lodge. At one time my father was Right Worthy Grand Chief Templar of the lodge for Washington Territory, Oregon and British Columbia, and this office seemed to me almost as important as that of the Governor of the Territory, or perhaps, the President of the United States! When he put on what we called his "regalia", he appeared to me very stately and important, almost more than human. This old red woolen vestee and the collar with its gold letters is still cherished by my youngest sister, who was born after all these happenings.

In the old Good Templars Hall, in the building at southwest corner of Fourth and Columbia Streets in Olympia, then called "Columbia Hall", an upstairs room was fitted up as a library and reading room for the townspeople. This library was donated by D. B. Finch, who was captain of the Eliza Anderson, that beloved old steamboat plying between Olympia and Victoria for so long. This little library was kept open for several years. In it was a free reading room, supplied with newspapers and magazines. While this library was pitifully small compared with the splendid structures of today, with their rooms full of classified books of all description and their lanes of magazines and newspapers, the little venture filled a real need. Many a shy lad climbed the old stairs after school to borrow a book or read awhile; and men

with no home or place to go spent pleasant hours among the papers and magazines. Some of the old-timers served as librarians through the years, and I remember for a spell my father attended to this, in addition to his printing office which was on the first floor of the building, climbing the stairs about once an hour to keep an eye on the big room.

The Merry Bachelors, a group of young men, staged many pleasant parties during the winters, and these were eagerly awaited by the Olympia girls and matrons.

We never missed church and Sunday School unless really ill. Friendships made there have lasted all through life and the lessons learned have furnished an anchor to cling to when days became dark. Sunday evenings the girls often went with friends to the different churches, and thus we became acquainted with all the ministers and felt a personal interest in each church. My parents attended the Congregational Church and I was a regular member of the Sunday School classes.

One of my little friends was Janet S. Moore, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Moore. She was afterward, for many years, one of the beloved and respected teachers in the Olympia schools. Our friendship lasted until her death and will continue hereafter I hope and believe.

Christmas was always a jolly and happy time with a tree at home trimmed with strings of popcorn popped over the old fireplace and strung on long threads with a darning needle. Red apples and oranges were on the tree, too, and little baskets plaited out of colored paper by my mother and called "cornucopias". Oranges were not as plentiful then as now and were more of a treat. We hung our stockings by the fireplace and Christmas morning there was always a doll at the top of the sock which was

filled with nuts and gumdrops, sticks of hoarhound candy and little hard bonbons wrapped in fringed paper. There was not the interchange of presents among casual acquaintances which prevails today, but each member of the family was remembered with a gift. We always had presents for our Indian friends who unfailingly dropped around Christmas morning, and we never failed to fix gifts for some of the children in town whose parents could not do anything for them. The Christmas tree at the church, with the little wax candles, the tarleton sacks of candy, the gifts piled underneath; the recitations, a tableau, and the sweet old carols, was the highlight of our Christmas eve.

If we had a snowy winter there were sleigh rides and coasting on our little sleds on the hill on Main Street, from about Eleventh or Twelfth Street to Ninth. Many were the spills, the thrills, and the chills. Occasionally some youngster went home with frost-bitten feet, but usually the weather was pleasant and the snow did not last long. It vanished much too quickly to suit us.

After Christmas it did not seem long until spring and then summer. Surely nowhere in the world is spring so sweet and summer so lovely as on Puget Sound. In the 1860's and the '70's large trees and dense undergrowth came down close to the beaches and the lovely woods and bordering lands were starred with the early flowering native trees and shrubs. In the afternoons we walked into the nearby woods and glades to pick the trillium and the little yellow violets, "Johnny Jump Ups", we called them with their sweet little pansy faces. There were long strolls for dogwood blossoms, flowering red currant and dogtooth violets.

My father had a row boat and in this we went for many a picnic over at Butler's Cove or down at Priest's

Point. Often we picnicked close by under the towering firs or took our lunch down to the beach to watch the tide go out or come in. Everywhere, from Tumwater to the Cove, the beach was a fascinating place at all hours. Often we walked over the little bridge across the bay to the west, or over the Swantown bridge, for the joy of the stroll, the view of the water and the sight of the green fir-clad hills.

“At times I see it in my dreams,
The little bridge across the bay,
The white gulls whirling far above,
And the pebbly beach where seaweed lay.

The tall green firs upon the hill,
The starry flowers of dogwood trees,
The little brook with its alder fringe,
And the scent of trillium on the breeze.

The ridges flame with the currant’s red,
The glens gleam white with the lily’s snow,
And there in the shaded, rocky glade
The dogtooth violets grow.

The silv’ry buds on the willow bough,
The hazel grove that borders the sea,
The sweet perfume of the elder flowers
Come back through the fading years to me.”

OLD TIME FUNERALS

IN Olympia, or indeed almost anywhere in this country, seventy-five or eighty years ago a funeral was a solemn and awe-inspiring occasion. There were no “morticians” in those days, just an under-

taker who kept quietly in the background after furnishing the coffin and preparing the grave. Often in the case of children or persons of limited means, neighbors and friends "laid out" the dead and helped the family with the burial. Messrs. Rabbeson and Harned, two undertakers of that time in Olympia, are well and affectionately remembered. Mr. Rabbeson, a pioneer of the old wagon-trail days and a veteran of the early Indian Wars, and Mr. Harned a gentleman and friend of all in trouble.

There was in Olympia a hearse which seemed very impressive to us, especially when it was adorned with six large black plumes which were fastened in holders on both sides at the top and back of the hearse. These plumes were used in the procession at the funeral of a military man or one of the territorial officers or other prominent or official person. For the funeral of a baby or child large white plumes were substituted, and in later years a small white hearse was kept and used for the burial of children. The hearse was kept in O'Connor and Milroy's livery stable.

Funeral notices were printed on a folded sheet of paper about four and one-half by seven inches and bordered with a quarter inch black mourning band. These were distributed about town at the business places and the residences. All lodges and other organizations had these notices printed for deceased members, they were the custom of that day. In an old scrapbook is the black-bordered notice of the funeral of the Hon. O. B. McFadden, and a column account of his funeral services and burial, and a eulogy.

"Funeral Notice

Yourselves and family are respectfully invited
to attend the funeral of

O. B. M'FADDEN

from the residence of William W. Miller, on
Sunday, June 27, 1875, at 10 o'clock A. M.

Funeral services at the
Methodist Episcopal Church at 10:30 A. M."

These excerpts are from a column-long letter written by a "Friend" and which was published in the Portland Oregonian:

"This has been one of the long-to-be remembered days in Olympia. The funeral of our highly-esteemed fellow citizen, Hon. Obadiah B. McFadden, Sr. took place from the residence of General W. W. Miller, son-in-law of the deceased, at 10:15 o'clock A. M. under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity, assisted by the Order of Odd Fellows and Columbia Fire Engine Company No. 1, of which societies Judge McFadden had long been an honored member. The funeral procession marched from the residence of General Miller, led by the Olympia Cornet Band to the M. E. Church, on Fourth Street, where an able, philosophical, yet very touching sermon was preached by the Rev. John T. Wolfe. Long before the arrival of the corpse the church was literally jammed to its utmost capacity, barely sufficient seats being reserved for the family of the deceased. Yet it not at all probable that one-half the audience gained entrance to the building, so universal was the desire of our people to show their high regard for the memory of the distinguished dead.

The coffin was a beautiful one, well representing the generous feeling held for its deeply mourned occupant. It was almost entirely en-

circled in beautiful and magnificent wreaths of flowers, and stood on a pedestal entirely covered by flowers. All that loving hearts, guided by artistic skill, could do to render homage to the dead, and, even in a light degree to soften the excruciating pangs of agony that tore the hearts of his bereaved wife and weeping children, was most cordially done. At this funeral was seen in one congregation the entire community, regardless of standing, political and religious.

After the funeral the procession formed, led first, by two officers of the Masonic fraternity, then the Olympia Cornet Band, next the Odd Fellows, followed by the Columbia Engine Co., and the Masons with their aprons and funeral paraphernalia, made a most imposing procession of not less than one hundred and forty men. Then came the hearse bearing the corpse, followed by forty carriages and wagons, all filled to their utmost capacity, to which was added a large number of persons on horseback and on foot. The procession marched in the most perfect order and respectful bearing to the solemn dirge-like strains of music, which were echoed back in awful grandeur from the grand old forest trees that were here before our lamented friend had placed his foot upon this fair land of his adoption.

On arriving at the cemetery, two miles from the city, all that was mortal of Judge McFadden was consigned to the clods of the valley, under the beautiful and impressive funeral ceremonies of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, while the stricken wife and disconsolate children returned to find a void in the family circle and a longing in

their hearts that nothing but the beautiful consciousness of an eternity of blessed reunion could reconcile . . .".

During one of the diphtheria epidemics a family living a few blocks from us lost several children within a few hours' time. The neighbor women went in and "laid out" the dead bodies and prepared them for burial, and sat up with them all night. That was another custom of the time, "sitting up with the dead". All day and all night some one, usually two at a time, sat with the deceased, who was never left alone even for a second. Many times I remember my father going out to "sit up" all night with some deceased friend or fellow townsman. All funerals were held from the home or the church, the day of burial services at an undertaking parlor had not yet arrived.

FOURTH OF JULY CELEBRATIONS

THE Fourth of July, during the years immediately following the Civil War and in the Seventies, was celebrated with more fervor and ceremony than we accord the holiday today. The Indian Wars were very close, the War of the Rebellion was just over. On our streets every day walked men who had served in the Civil War and in the Indian conflicts. The year 1876 was the one hundredth anniversary of the founding of our Republic and that year there were special celebrations all over the United States and the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. We looked forward to the Fourth for weeks and were up early that morning to hear the salute which was always given at sunrise and ushered in this long anticipated day.

In Olympia, about nine o'clock in the morning of the Fourth, a band of Calithumpians appeared on the streets, dressed in fantastic costumes, entertaining the spectators who appeared in numbers from the surrounding country and many who arrived on the down Sound steamers. There were always large numbers of Indians about for they loved any celebration and the Fourth was a big day for them. At ten o'clock the procession marched up Main Street, the town band leading, followed by the fire engine drawn by members of the company and riding in it a young lady representing Uncle Sam. Then came the Hook and Ladder truck, arranged as a Liberty car, in which stood a young lady representing the Goddess of Liberty and forty-seven young girls dressed in white, each one wearing a ribbon marked with the name of a state or territory in the Union. This Liberty Car was followed by an open carriage with the president of the day, the orator and the chaplain. Then came private citizens marching. In the early days the procession always marched to the Public Square and the crowd assembled around there. A typical celebration was in 1875 and the Olympia Transcript reported:

"Governor Ferry called the assemblage to order, and proceeded to pay a fitting tribute to the late Hon. O. B. McFadden. After prayer by Rev. J. T. Wolfe, the Declaration of Independence was read by Rev. Chas. Fischer. Judge Lewis, the orator of the day, then delivered an excellent oration of about one hour in length, giving a brief historical outline of our country and her standing among the nations of the earth.

The people then marched to the dinner tables, on the north side of the square, where a public dinner was spread. The tables were bountifully



Chinese "peddling their produce from door to door". See page 39.

from
The OREGON STATE JOURNAL
 Eugene City, Oregon
 August 1, 1885

Furniture AND Undertaking.

DAY & HENDERSON,

Wholesale and retail dealers and manufacturers of all kinds of Furniture and Undertakers Goods. Prompt attention given to all orders. A first class Hearse. Store on Eighth Street, Eugene, Or.



**"The Indians were all about us".
See page 37**



**Caroline Gale, from a photograph
by D.H. Hendee, Portland, Oregon
taken in 1864.**

supplied and care taken to provide all that any one desired."

There followed a detailed account of the events of the day, the horse and trotting races; boat races on the bay; sailing matches, tub races and other amusing entertainment. Bruce Milroy and Gil Parker, so well known to all old-timers, and then boys, carried off the prize in the tub race. At night there were fireworks and a "grand ball ended the day's celebrations, at which eighty couples tripped the light fantastic until after midnight."

So the Fourth of July celebrations were held through the years, each one eagerly welcomed, and when the long day was over, we went to bed tired but happy, with a renewed love of our country and a clearer understanding of her one hundred years.

INDIAN FRIENDS

"The tented and the tawny bands
Whose camp-smoke curled along these sands,
And climbed and crowned the rocky shore,
To murmurless deep seas and pale
Have passed, with gray and slanting sail,
Forgetful of the spear and oar."

Samuel L. Simpson

WHEN we arrived in Olympia in the autumn of 1865, the Indians were all about us. Wigwams stretched along both banks of the Sound from Tumwater to Fourth Street. Indian men and boys, kloochmen and squaws strolled or squatted on the streets. Many nights, all night long, we heard the wails and chanting of the

tamanawus dancers across the west side bridge. Practically everyone, man, woman and child, understood and spoke Chinook. Our conversation was interlarded with the Chinook words and phrases. Ask a man how he was and he answered "Skookum". We told the cat and the dog to "klatawa". Our playmates were our "tillicum". The change in our purses was "chickamin". Ask anyone to do an errand and he answered, "nawitka". "Cultus" was applied to everything from a wormy apple to a good-for-nothing man

Some of the squaws did "washings" for the women in town. They worked for old clothes or small change. Indian men peddled oysters and clams. A ten-pound lard pail, full of succulent oysters taken out of the shells, sold for twenty-five cents. My stepmother carefully washed these oysters through many waters before using them. Some of the old settlers told her that washing oysters ruined the flavor, but after seeing the Indians open them, the flavor seemed less important than the knowledge that some of the Indian touch had been washed off.

The White River massacres were talked of constantly when we settled in Olympia and even the murder of Marcus Whitman and his wife happened only eighteen years before, in 1847. These tragic events had not yet become history but were the happenings of day before yesterday and we feared the Indians. Some of them were untrustworthy, thieving and treacherous. Many of the old squaws were pathetic, ill and pitiful. They were poorly and thinly clad, their eyes were rheumy and their teeth badly decayed and snagged. They were always begging for old clothes or a warm cup of "coppa", any kind of a little handout. If you gave one a slice of bread and butter, she would scrape off all the butter, wrinkling her nose in distaste and calling it "cow gleese".

A great many of the Indians would not stay on the reservation, but ran away and lived as best they could. Some of the young Indian girls were erect and attractive, with white teeth and soft brown eyes, and many of them were the victims of lecherous white men. Many half-breeds and quarter-breeds were about town, a problem to all and a great discredit to the no-account whites who betrayed the young Indian girls. The "Boston men" (the United States men) were disliked by the Indians much more than the "King George men" (the Hudson's Bay men - English and Canadians) who usually married their Indian girl friends and settled down with them to raise a family. As the years passed, the Indians learned the white man's way, the bad as well as the good, and they became better able to take care of themselves. Those who stayed on the reservations or those who went back there were taken care of and schooled, and their native intelligence has overcome great difficulties.

CHINESE AS PIONEERS

MANY Chinese drifted down to the Sound country from the Cariboo mines and many strayed up from the mining settlements and towns in California, until there was a small Chinese community in most of the Sound villages. In Olympia there was early a small Chinatown. Some of them worked in the homes as cooks and general helpers and some of them started vegetable gardens, peddling their produce from door to door. They came trotting with two big baskets carried on each end of a long pole over their shoulders. They worked from daylight till dark, digging, squatting over their rows of vegetables, pulling weeds and preparing the produce for

their baskets. They were good and faithful workers and attended to their own business, never causing any trouble. The Chinese riots of later years, instigated and carried out by cultus and no-good white men, are a blot and a shame on our state and our country.

TEACHING ON THE WISHKAW

DAYS flew by, they grew into months, years passed, and I began to feel quite grown up and had a yearning to do something to earn money of my very own. Not many fields were open to girls and young women in those days. I had little in the way of education, only what could be obtained in the pioneer schools and what my father taught me at home. He had a good library and from daily reading in that most of my knowledge came. I thought I knew enough to be a teacher, so sixty-three years ago, in 1872, I went to the dense wilderness on Grays Harbor, out on the Wishkaw River, to teach school. There were two families where the town of Aberdeen was built later. I lived with the family of Samuel Benn, who was the founder of Aberdeen and lived to be over a hundred years old.

I think those who employed me to teach the little school must have been satisfied with my work for I was asked to return the next year. My father suggested that I learn typesetting, so that I could live at home. He commenced teaching me all the angles of the printer's trade. I loved the work. Every item of a newspaper is so exciting. I wonder how many stop for a moment to remember how much they get for so little. When the newsboy comes the first of the month to collect his dollar and some cents, I



STAFF OF THE ECHO, 1873-4

Back row: Jimmy Jones, Printer's Devil; Walter Milroy.

Front row: Caroline Gale, Francis H. Cooke, Hattie Brown.



feel that is a small sum for all the value received. I pick up the morning paper and am in touch with the whole world. The great plants with their intricate machines and miles of paper on the great rollers are no more like the old dingy office I first knew with the little hand press and the roller of molasses and glue that had been cooked on the old heating stove, than the China Clipper is like a covered wagon.

I studied typesetting in the office of the old ECHO in Olympia. There were then three cases of type and a hand press. Once when father went away on one of his trips, he left the office in charge of John Miller Murphy of the old Washington Standard, as a favor of one newspaper man to another. Mr. Murphy got out the editorial and added some temperance mixture to the contents, then came out in his own paper, the Standard, and gave me the credit. "In the absence of the editor, Miss Caroline Gale got out a paper fully up to the usual standard," etc. That was kind of him, but I am afraid I did not deserve the flattering words.

Francis H. Cook, afterwards in the newspaper business in Spokane, worked on the Echo. Also a young man named DeWitt Clinton Britt.

As I remember, the Echo office in Olympia was on Fifth Street, between Main and Washington. I think afterwards the Prosches, Charles and Thomas, had their paper there; and after that, Clarence Bagley. The old photograph shown here is of the compositors of the Echo in about 1873-4. Bruce Milroy had one case of type, Hattie Brown and I each had one. Printer's "sticks" are in their hands in the picture.

I worked on the old Washington Standard, which had been founded and published for so long by John Miller

Murphy, during 1875, up to the day before I was married. We were paid by the thousand. I averaged five dollars a week, being slow at typesetting.

The old Standard office was down on the waterfront. At high tide the lap lap of the waves splashed under it. There was an old hand press worked then part of the time by Henry Murphy, the son of the owner. Working the press had been the job of S. L. Crawford, who also set type. He quit the Standard office one winter to take a clerkship in the legislature and when the session was through he wanted his case again, but Mr. Murphy would not give it to him as he had let him down and I had filled the job satisfactorily. The Standard had at least four cases of type. John Yantis worked there at the same time I did. As far as I know, the Standard is still being published. The fiftieth anniversary was celebrated about twenty-five years ago.

In the old Standard office my case was at the window to the west, then the door and another case by another window; they were the two best, the best lighted. To get the clear perspective you would have to visit this old office: ink everywhere, on floor, walls and cases, an old hand press worked by man power. And all over the odor of printer's ink. One who has worked in that ink-filled air loves it, and after sixty-three years, the nostalgia for it is still potent.

The editor always got tickets for all the shows, and I could tag along and get a thrill from bell ringers and sleight of hand performers. No grand opera or Shakespeare, however, at the old Columbia Hall.

My father now spent all the time he could spare from the office going about the two states, Oregon and Washington Territory, organizing various temperance societies



James Newton Gale

THE OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT.

[illegible]

THE ECHO
A TEMPERANCE JOURNAL.

VOL. 1 OLYMPIA, W. T. THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1908 NO. 1

The Family Circle.

It should be the monthly
meeting of the board of directors
of the company.
It should be the monthly
meeting of the board of directors
of the company.
It should be the monthly
meeting of the board of directors
of the company.

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...of the state, and it is a...
...the state, and it is a...

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"I have a very strong feeling
 of responsibility for the
 people of the world.
 I am not a politician.
 I am a man of
 conscience."
 — Martin Luther King, Jr.
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 I am a man of
 conscience."
 — Martin Luther King, Jr.

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[illegible]

...and the quality of the work is not the same as the quality of the work that you are doing. The quality of the work is not the same as the quality of the work that you are doing.

...ultimately dependent on public opinion, and that the actions of the new state government, the courts, and traditional powerholders, ultimately should be brought up only in extremis. That, in probability, a very shrewd new rule. The strategy and the strategy of the state government in this case, then, is: "Watch the public, then the federal government." To be sure, there is certainly no reason to think that such a policy will ever not have made considerable sense, but it is a far less compelling argument in the struggle with the state government, and that is, in fact, the

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It is the primary duty of the state to protect the rights of its citizens and to ensure that the law is enforced. It is the responsibility of the state to maintain order and to provide for the welfare of its people. The state has the power to make laws and to enforce them, and it is the duty of the state to protect the rights of its citizens and to ensure that the law is enforced.

[illegible]

along the coast. The 1990s saw the discovery of oil and gas reserves in the offshore waters of the Gulf of Mexico, which led to a significant increase in offshore drilling activity. This, in turn, led to a boom in the offshore oil and gas industry, which has since become a major source of revenue for the U.S. government.

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

The book will cover everything from the history of the film industry to the latest trends in the market. It will also provide a comprehensive overview of the industry's structure and the various roles involved in the production process. The book is written in a clear and concise style, making it accessible to both students and professionals alike. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the film industry.

That the great good things
 come to those who are good,
 and to those who are good,
 the great good things come.

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the student on tape. When you finish at one time, or after the full

with generally about 10 per cent more in

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...and to make sure that the
...are up to date.

Elisha T. Gunn





and was active in the Good Templar lodges, especially in the grand lodges where ideas for new laws were discussed pro and con, with all the earnest endeavors directed to the electing of men to the legislature who were pledged to give aid to the reforms needed. Some good laws were enacted protecting women and children. Washington laws were noted for years as the best on the coast for the protection of women. It has always been a progressive state.

The men who composed the organization owning the Temperance Echo wanted to give up their management by selling the whole plant. My father did not feel he wanted to buy it, as his name had been sent in to Washington City and he had been appointed by President R. B. Hayes as postmaster at Olympia, so he severed his connection with the Echo, which was discontinued. He had worked long years and given his strength, which was beginning to wane. His work in the postoffice was pleasant and he kept in touch with the world. He could still write for the papers that carried his thoughts. He could have some time for himself and his family, a newspaper man never does. My father served Olympia for over eight years as postmaster, until the national administration changed and he was replaced by a good Democrat, Mr. Glover, a fine man and a family friend.

In 1886 my father started a paper in Olympia, The New Transcript, and continued work on it until his health finally broke entirely and he became bedridden. This newspaper and his job printing business was sold to a man by the name of Bissac, and I believe the name of the paper was changed.

My father had labored under handicaps often, but he had won victories. His credits were many. It seems to me he was a man traveling down the stream who jettisoned

much of his own precious cargo to make room for that of other voyagers. He may have hoped to go back some time and salvage the flotsam, but he never did. There was always a call for help, another shoal to avoid or a rapid to run. After he was gone, among his papers was found many an acknowledgment of aid given to those who had no real claim upon his generous heart and kind disposition. He tried to answer every call, as well as provide for the comfort and future of his family. It was a heavy weight to carry and his failing health finally forced him to give up all work. One day his personal effects were brought home and he never went out again, but was patient and kind to the end. He passed away May 23, 1889, and is buried in the old Masonic Cemetery out near Tumwater, sleeping by the side of two little sons and a small daughter.

As I look back on my father's industrious and useful life, recall the comforts and security he gave to his family, the provisions he made for their future, his generosity and consideration for others, the ideals and principles he taught us, his quiet and uncomplaining acceptance of pain and suffering, I feel an affectionate pride. "For what doth the Lord require of thee, but to do justly, and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."

After my marriage to George Budlong on December 30, 1875, we lived in Olympia for several years. Mr. Budlong was the son of a New England boat builder, who with his two sons George and blind Niles, came to Olympia about 1872 to follow his trade. After a few years the family moved to Seattle and my husband was in the boat building business there until his death. His building establishment and boat house were at the foot of Columbia Street and we lived for several decades in the home we built at the southeast corner of Eighth and Columbia



Budlong's Boathouse, Seattle, Washington Territory, 1885.

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Streets. My son, Walter, attended the Seattle schools and left from there for service in the Spanish American War, as a member of the Washington Volunteers.

LIFE IN SEATTLE

LIFE in Seattle was full of interest and happiness, but these days have been described by pens more clever than mine. The Seattle fire of 1889 injured my husband's business. The days of the Alaskan Gold Rush made exciting and thrilling times in Seattle. Boat trips to Olympia to see the family, longer trips to Victoria to see an uncle who lived there many years, and jaunts about the Sound in launches, which were then coming into vogue, filled happy and fleeting years. To me no other city in the world has the beauty and glamour of Seattle. The Olympic Mountains "one eternal sculptured psalm", Mount Rainier, "the mountain that was God", the brilliant and flashing waters of the Sound, the greenery, the fir trees, the native flowers and shrubs, surely make this city a forerunner of what the Promised Land will be.

At the request of my youngest sister, the only member of our family now on earth, I have written a few of my homespun memories of this wonderful northwest country that we both love so well. While they may not interest many persons, some old timer might like to spend an idle hour recalling a few incidents of the days that will come no more.

San Francisco
November, 1939



Mount Rainier, the Mountain that was God, from Plate LXVIII, Reports of Explorations and Surveys, Made under Direction of Secretary of War, Vol. XII, Book I. —
Thos. H. Ford, Washington, Printer, 1860.





